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The Late Dr. Newman Hall.

(The 'Temperance Record.')

The Rev. Newman Hall, D.D., who died last February, was born in the town of Maidstone so far back as the year after Waterloo—to be exact, on May 22, 1816. He was educated at Totteridge School and Highbury College; graduated B.A. at London University, won a Law Scholarship, and took the LL.B. degree in 1855; some forty years later he received the degree of D.D. honoris causa from Edinburgh University. Dr. Hall was a wide student of humanity and a great traveller; he held tenaciously to opinions based upon his own reason and conscience; was a prolific writer of booklets and hymns designed to promote personal religion and to assist in moral reforms; he was a simple preacher of righteousness—without rhetoric or fireworks, but with a convincing eloquence and earnestness; a keen politician, he was a friend of many legislators, including Mr. Gladstone; a strong Nonconformist, he was on singularly familiar terms with numerous dignitaries of the State Church.

Dr. Hall began his stated ministry at Hull in 1842, and in 1854 came to London to succeed the Rev. James Sherman at Surrey Chapel, in the Blackfriars Road. In this connection may be quoted three verses from a 'tail-piece' by the late Deputy-Judge Payne, whose efforts in this direction must be remembered with affectionate amusement by many of our readers:—

'Old Man Sherman away has fled,
And New Man Hall has come in his stead;
Our sun has gone down and yet no light
Has followed its setting; but all's still bright.

'Old Man Sherman has got good looks,
And Old Man Sherman has written good books;
And New Man Hall, as the Public says,
Is very well off in the self-same ways.

'And may we all when our course is run,
And our work for God upon earth is done,
Before the throne of His glory fall
With Old Man Sherman and New Man Hall.'

Following in the worthy succession of Rowland Hill, James Sherman and Newman Hall, Mr. F. B. Meyer at present preaches in a new Surrey Chapel that rejoices in the name of 'Christ Church,' in Westminster Bridge Road, and is in itself the greatest monument of the departed preacher. We well remember its building and the building of the fine organ which is one of its features; Mr. F. G. Edwards, who is now organist at St. John's Wood Presbyterian Church and editor of Novello's 'Musical Times,' personally supervised its erection, and played on it for a good many years.

Dr. Hall was a great champion of the anti-slavery movement, and took the side of the North in the American Civil War. He went to the United States after the war as a self-appointed messenger of conciliation, to smooth away the friction that had arisen between England and the Americans. In this his influence was indicated by the readiness with which our cousins across the water subsequently contributed towards the handsome tower which commemorates the Liberator-President, Abraham Lincoln, and is the outward and truly visible sign of Dr. Hall's effort to promote 'international goodwill.'

No one who has read the 'Author of the Sinners' Friend,' a bulky autograph of his father, John Vine Hall, edited by his son can fail to see from what source Dr. Hall obtained his strong hatred of the drink curse, and founded his earnest labors for its suppression. His father's struggles in early life to overcome a craving for drink are strikingly portrayed, and the recital of his failures and successes has been helpful in innumerable instances in the reclamation of poor men and women who

REV. NEWMAN HALL.

have thought themselves to be held for ever in the grasp of habits of intemperance. In all his labors Newman Hall gave a high place to temperance work, and we well remember the splendid Band of Hope at Surrey Chapel carried on by Mr. A. J. Glasspool and the late Mrs. Thwaites and her daughters. The work at Christ Church and in its numerous mission stations perpetuates these pioneer days, and exerts a powerful influence for total abstinence.

In the year 1896, on the 21st of May, a remarkable reception was given by the National Temperance League to 'Octogenarian Teetotalers,' and at it Newman Hall gave 'as briefly and comprehensively as possible' his personal testimony, although as he said, he had no business to do so as he would not be an 'octogenarian' until the clock struck twelve. Dr. Hall told how in the year 1840 he had been persuaded to sign the pledge by Mrs. Sherman, the wife of his predecessor at Surrey Chapel. He argued against it, but Mr. Sherman said, 'Oh, dear friend, none of your logic; my wife has been praying for you that you might sign the pledge.' 'There is no withstanding a lady's prayers,' said Mr. Hall, 'I will try it for a month.' On the eve of his eightieth birthday Dr. Hall told us, 'I did, and I have been trying it ever since.' Not only did he try it by personal practice but till the day of his death he advocated it wherever he had the chance. He had total abstinence societies in Hull, at Surrey Chapel and Christ Church, and on the occasion we are writing of he told how 'by and by I had the great help of my friend Mr. Murphy—Simeon Smithard and others—many men and women who have now passed away.' Now the voice that spoke the words is still—and, near his friend Mr. Murphy, the laborer is laid to rest at Abney Park.

There are numerous lessons to be derived from the contemplation of such a life, 'and the greatest of these is charity'; the 'great conciliator' would be a not unsuitable name for Newman Hall, he thoroughly believed in the 'soft answer that turneth away wrath' albeit he had 'a strong will of his own.' The combination is essential to any successful prophet of a public propaganda and the presentation of the value of persuasion as opposed to denunciation needs to be constantly reiterated in the ears of those who are engaged in service for the good of others. Denunciation should be confined to things inanimate; the persuasion of the souls of men is the royal route to the golden age; the diffusion of the light that has come into the world upon the temperance cause, as upon all other beneficent movements, is the means by which will be brought about the redemption of the world from the Evils of the Times.

One Benefit of Family Prayer

(American Paper.)

The good result of family devotion will never be fully known in this world. Many years ago a Christian family in a Western State lived in a lowly cabin on a little farm. Religious worship was conducted in that humble home regularly every night. The father was a devout man of God, who, amid the struggle with poverty which continued almost throughout his entire life, never neglected to commend his family to the care of the heavenly Father at the close of the day. The mother was also a pious Christian, who was not ashamed to let her light shine before her children. When her husband was absent from home, she gathered the children about her at nightfall, read a portion of Scripture, and, with a voice tremulous with emotion, offered a brief evening prayer. The cabin was lowly, the comforts of life meagre, but the fires of devotion were never allowed to die out from the family altar.

In that family were several sons growing up amid the temptations to which youths in rural districts are always subjected and before which thousands go down to ruin. One of those boys was very susceptible to these evil influences, and began early to yield to the pressure of sinful allurements. But one thing restrained him, even when out of sight of

his parents—the religious atmosphere of the home followed him wherever he went. One evening, while listening to his father's prayer, a strange feeling came over him. He saw the folly and danger of sin in a new light. The beauty of righteousness completely captivated him. Future possibilities rose before him like an inspired vision. The conviction of duty which took possession of his mind at that moment proved the turning point of his life. He heard the voice of God speaking in accents clear and strong, calling him into his service in the Christian ministry.

It was a distinct call from God to turn from sin and preach the Gospel. Before the prayer was ended the response was given and the purpose unalterably formed to live for God.

He proceeded at once to execute his purpose. He united with the Church, followed Christ, found means to take a course in college, entered the Christian ministry and remains to this day on the walls of Zion calling sinners to repentance. A career of nearly forty years in the Christian ministry, with the conversion of hundreds of souls and other good results, many of which shall not be known until the books are opened at the last day, are all to be traced back to that small beginning at the family altar.

The following incident is taken from a recent issue of a religious periodical:—'Some years ago an English gentleman visited America and spent some days with a pious friend. He was a man of talent and accomplishments, but an infidel. Four years afterward he returned to the house—a Christian. They wondered at the change, but little suspected when and where it had originated. He told them that when he was present at their family worship, on the first evening of his former visit, and when, after the chapter was read, they all knelt down to pray, the recollection of such scenes rushed on his memory, so that he did not hear a single word. But the occurrence made him think and his thoughtfulness ended in his leaving the barren wilderness of infidelity and finding a quiet rest in the salvation wrought out by Jesus Christ.'

Shall family prayer be neglected? Shall Christian parents permit the pressure of business, social engagements and the love of pleasure to overthrow family worship and banish the family altar? Shall the children of the Church be robbed of the benefits of this holy institution through the indifference and neglect of their own parents? God forbid! Oh, for a revival of family prayer!

Post Office Crusade.

Acknowledged With Thanks.

A Bible class at Hawkesbury, Ont., per Miss Annie Lackner $1.00
Miss Christena Miller, Brighton, Ont. .... 50c.

This completes the fund for the 'Christian Herald,' which has been ordered to be sent to the Leper Asylum in Dehra Dun, India.

Warm thanks for papers are due to Russ Young, Anabell Sinclair, and other friends.

Sample Copies.

Any subscriber who would like to have specimen copies of the 'Northern Messenger' sent to friends can send the names with addresses and we will be pleased to supply them, free of cost.

A Good Confession.

(Frederick W. Faber, in the 'Sunday School Times.')

The chains that have bound me are flung to the wind,
By the mercy of God the poor slave is set free;
And the strong grace of heaven breathes fresh o'er the mind,
Like the bright winds of summer that gladden the sea.

There was nought in God's world half so dark or so vile
As the sin and the bondage that fettered my soul;
There was nought half so base as the malice and guile
Of my own sordid passions, or Satan's control.

For years I have borne about hell in my breast;
When I thought of my God, it was nothing but gloom,
Day brought me no pleasure, night gave me no rest;
There was still the grim shadow of horrible doom.

It seemed as if nothing less likely could be
Than that light should break on a dungeon so deep;
To create a new world were less hard than to free
The slave from its bondage, the soul from its sleep.

But the word has gone forth, and said, 'Let there be light,'
And it flashed through my soul like a sharp passing smart,
One look from my Saviour, and all the dark night,
Like a dream scarce remembered, was gone from my heart.

I cried out for mercy, and fell on my knees,
And confessed while my heart with keen sorrow was wrung;
'Twas the labor of minutes, and years of disease
Fell as fast from my soul as the words from my tongue.

And now blest be God, and the sweet Lord who died;
No deer on the mountain, no bird in the sky,
No bright wave that leaps o'er the dark bounding tide,
Is a creature so free or so happy as I.

All hail, then, all hail, to the dear precious Blood,
That hath worked these sweet wonders of mercy in me;
May each day countless numbers throng down to its flood,
And God have His glory and sinners go free.

One Truth a Year.

(Ada Melville Shaw, in the 'Michigan Advocate.')

One of the best rounded characters I ever knew—I speak now of things spiritual—was that of an old man who for forty years had made a practice of having what he called his year-text.

At the beginning of each year he was in the habit of selecting a text for his guide and counsel and comfort through the twelve months to come. I asked him how he selected them, and have treasured up his testimony as something precious.

'You see, my friend, the Lord knows not only the thoughts of the heart, but the weakness and need of the heart. So, when it comes to choose my text, I take the Word and kneel down before Him from whom it came, asking him to direct me in my choice. Before I rise from my knees I know what promise or injunction he has for the year.

'But is that the only verse you have all the year?' I asked, wishing to draw him out.

'Bless you, my friend, no, indeed! But that one verse is, as you might call it, my start text. Having chosen it by the direction of the Holy Spirit, it is especially impressed on my mind, and he uses it, often when I am least prepared, for reproof, rebuke, comfort, instruction. Then I meditate upon it in my wakeful hours, when I am on the street or about work that does not require mental study. It is wonderful how it grows and how other texts come up to explain it and make it clear.'

'What are some of the texts, if I may ask, that have been your star texts?'

The dear old saint's face lit up. 'Well, now,' he said tenderly, 'do you want me to choose one or two from the glorious constellation of forty? I will tell you one that was the making of me in my early days. It is in Proverbs: "By much slothfulness the building decayeth; and through idleness of the hands the house droppeth through.'

'What a queer choice for a year-text!' I exclaimed. 'You never were slothful.'

'Ah, but I was, till the Lord changed me. Mother used to have a great time with me. I did not want that text at all and tried my best to fix on another. But the Lord kept repeating it in my heart until finally I took it and from that hour began to see how slothful I really was and what a shameful thing idleness was. The Lord knew what he was doing when he impressed that text on my conscience!

'Another one I doubted about taking was in Deuteronomy: "To me belongeth vengeance and recompense; their foot shall slide in due time, for the day of their calamity is at hand, and the things that shall come upon them make haste." I was in great trouble that year. Someone had done me a terrible injustice and by a single stroke of my pen I could have retaliated in no small way. But it would have been unlike Christ to have done so. That blessed counsel held me steady and the hour came when I thanked God for the teaching and restraining power of his Word.

'I will tell you about just one more. There are only six letters in the whole text, but oh, what it has done for me. The Lord chose it for me ten years ago and it has become my life-text: "I in you." You know it is in that blessed fourteenth chapter of John: "At that day ye shall know that I am in my Father, and ye in me, and I in you." Those three words, "I in you," came on my soul with a strange power I cannot describe. Like David, I meditated therein day and night. Oh, what a world opened up to me! Jesus Christ in me! How softly I should walk! How true I ought to be! What dignity of soul should be mine! How carefully I ought to choose my companionships, my books, my actions, my thoughts! Jesus Christ in me! In me, even me!'

The old man fell into a beautiful revery, and as I watched his noble face and thought about his consistent, godly life, I realized something of the life-giving power of the Word. Truly it is like a little leaven hidden in meal. Silently it works till the new life has permeated the whole.

BOYS AND GIRLS

Tid.

(By Jennie Davis Burton, in 'Youth's Companion.')

'Do you be Mr. Kane, sir? It's Mr. Peter Tidmore Kane, in the rale estate business, I'm wantin' to see.'

The gentleman addressed looked down with some astonishment upon the sharp little freckled visage that was upturned as he replied, 'I am Mr. Kane, my boy. What do you want with me?'

'Sure, I'll be tellin' ye, but it's mighty glad I am to see you, sir. Shake, then! I'm a namesake of yours, though belike you're not knowin' it, and I'm glad that I favor you, now that I've set me two eyes on ye.'

'Favor me, indeed, you young scarecrow!'

'On the inside, I mane, and I'd be glad if it was on the outside, for it's a mighty fine-lookin' gentleman ye are, then. They do be tellin' me you have the rintin' of a-many of the houses hereabout, and it's to rint the small place at the foot of the hill I'm be askin'. I'll pay you as much as fifty cents a week for it, and worruk out the rint if you say it's a bargain.'

Mr. Kane was growing interested. The small boy had a brisk, business way with him, quite out of proportion to his size, which was that of an average ten-year-old.

'It's a little out of the usual line to take work in return—'

'Oh, it will be equally satisfactory if ye pay me in cash, Mr. Kane, sir, and 'tis a good bargain ye'll have, wid me mother along wid me, and she that aiger to be at rest wanst more. 'Tis the plazed woman she'll be that all's settled so well.'

'But hold on!' said Mr. Kane. 'I like to know something about my tenants. What security can you give me that I shall find you responsible?'

'Sure, I tould you that I was named after you, didn't I? It's Peter Tidmore Kane Mulligan I am, and me mother says ye'll be sure to mind Biddy Moran that was cook to ye wanst. But I'm Tid for short. We'll move in the day, and I'll just come up for me orders in the mornin',' and Tid walked away as contentedly as if he carried a signed lease in his pocket.

'Biddy Moran? To be sure. She worked for us one summer a dozen or more years ago,' said Mrs. Kane, when her husband appealed to her for confirmation of the boy's story. 'Not much of a cook, very green and a little queer, as I remember her. I'm afraid they'll be a load on your hands, Tidmore.'

'Well, the old shell can't be much worse with them in it than standing empty, and I'll warn them out if they prove a nuisance. The boy will get along if he favors me "on the inside," as he says,' and Mr. Kane laughed in recollection of the sharp, little, uncouth figure as contrasted with his own well-favored person.

Sure enough, the first sight that greeted Mr. Kane the next morning was Tid, keenly examining his garden-beds, shaking his head portentously over poppies and lilies, and getting down on his knees to sniff at the tomato-vines, with a curious uncertainty, not to say contempt, that sent the garden's owner hurrying down to prevent any possible catastrophe.

'It's a fine lot of weeds ye've saved up for me, sir,' Tid greeted him, brightly, 'but I'm feared they've run over the plants entirely. Or is it a wild garden you do be having here? Me mother tells me that you grow things small in this state, and ye do it uncommon well, I should say. Belike it has to be tuk out of you that way for the big hearts ye've got,' with a respectful deference that disarmed his employer's wrath.

'Why, you young jackanapes, where have you seen anything finer, that you should be turning up your nose at my garden, pray?'

'Faix, I think it wor in Californy,' hazarded Tid, as if he were drawing his recollections from some deep well of memory. 'The tomatuses growed on vines as high as the house, I mind, and there were men up on step-ladders pickin' them, and the lilies and vi'lets, and the poppies all run wild in the fields, they did, and the roses were like to smother the house, and the cucumbers were as long as I am, and a dale longer sometimes. That's the country, if it's gardenin' ye're after.'

IT'S PETER TIDMORE KANE MULLIGAN I AM.

'I wonder you left it,' remarked Mr. Kane, sarcastically.

'I'd wonder that mesilf, if there wor ary show for dacint Americans out there,' admitted Tid. 'The pigtails and the greasers ave it all their own way. It's quare how there's something forninst wan most iverywheres in the West. In Nebrasky it wor the 'hoppers, and in Kansas the drought. Up in Washington it aither rained all the time or the chinook blasted things, and down in Texas there wor the cattle every which way. It do be good to get home to the states,' and Tid drew a long breath of satisfaction. 'But this isn't worruk at all, and if ye'll put me to it, I'll be diggin' in.'

Mr. Kane found the boy eager to learn and tireless in his efforts to please, and although he made some blunders, by the end of the week he had won the favor of the household, and was allowed to make himself useful about the place in very much his own way. This sometimes resulted in queer turns of fancy, according to the Eastern view of things, as when he was found in the early morning sweeping up grasshoppers from the lawn to feed the fowls, and carefully treasuring pocketsful of gravel while he was still new to the situation.

'Sure, it wor the lashings of 'hoppers we had out on the perraries, but never a stone to the size of a pea there. Ye have them betther disthributed here, and it's a fine country, though the things do grow small,' he decided, approvingly, when the waste of his efforts was pointed out to him.

It would appear that the Mulligans had drifted all over the West in an aimless fashion, 'saking health and betterment,' as Tid expressed it, till the death of the father left his mother free to return 'for the making of me,' he confided to Mr. Kane.

'Sure, a lad nades to be looking up to a good man, me mother says, and it's a power of t'achin' I'll nade to come up to me name, I do be thinkin'.'

The amusement that Mr. Kane derived from the glorified ideal upon which Tid was basing the formation of his character gave way sometimes to a fleeting wish that he had cultivated more of the virtues which Tid credited him with possessing. There are drawbacks to being held as little less than a saint by even an ignorant Irish boy. Suppose, now, that Tid could look beneath the surface and see the true state of the man within him, how would the revelation affect the lad's moral growth?

Mr. Kane shrugged his shoulders and threw off his uneasiness. It was by no choice of his that he had been held up

as a model. Let the effects of the disillusionment fall where they belonged. It was not likely that he was going to change his business methods, his sharp dealing, his keen seizure of apparent advantages, simply to spare the tender susceptibilities of this small vagrant; nevertheless the thought of Tid was at the bottom of more than one reform that he made in these days.

Meantime Tid was cultivating a tender heart among other things, and when he had the misfortune to set his foot unawares on a toad one day, he was the more hurt of the two.

'I'd no more scrunch the crature, and it sitting by to do me a good turn, than you'd squeeze a tenant, sir,' he protested, remorsefully.

'There are some tenants that need the thumb-screws put on them, Tid.'

'Of course, just as there are pertaty-bugs and cutworms and squash beetles to clane out. It's a fine thing to have the head to pick and choose amongst them as I weed out the docks and lave the cabbages, to hould the helpin' hand to the wake and nadey, and turn the cowld back on the undesarvin'. I'm feared I'll be long learnin' all that from you, sir.'

'Oh, you aspire to a share in the management of the tenants, too?' inquired Mr. Kane, with that sarcastic accent which was quite thrown away upon Tid.

'I'm studyin' hard to be fit to go in the office come fall, when you'll not be nading me in the garding,' admitted Tid, modestly. 'I'll be worth me keep there outside of me schoolin', I will that, ye'll see.'

'Hum-um-m!' That Tid was acting like a prickly burr on his conscience, the real estate man knew, and the far-reaching consequences of this proposed move rather alarmed him. Hadn't he closed up the typhoid well and drained Ague Alley and given a contract for rebuilding Ramshackle Row—all good-paying investments, to be sure, and much-needed reforms—simply and solely through the quickened moral responsibility that the boy had roused in him?'

'If this thing goes on,' he said to himself, 'I'll be renewing the Taft mortgage and letting the Hope farm slip through my fingers. It's sheer imbecility on my part. Who wants an inconveniently active conscience in these days? I'll throw off the yoke before it fastens tighter. I'll discharge Tid and send the Mulligans packing.'

But to look into Tid's trustful eyes and make this decision known was more than Mr. Kane cared to do at that moment. It might be better to talk the matter out with Tid's mother, he concluded. A little bribe, now, to persuade her to move on, say, without betraying his part in the transaction, would make everything smooth and easy.

Mr. Kane had not seen Mrs. Mulligan. Tid had caught his fancy, but he had felt sure that the mother would be a bore, and had avoided the house. Well, they had transformed the desolate shanty into rather a picturesque spot by the vines they had trained over it, and the woman displayed some of Tid's own confidence in receiving him.

'Sure, I felt yez comin', sir,' she explained. 'Be sated, plaze. I'd pass the chair if I could step a foot under me, but it was the Lord's mercy that I kept on me legs till we r'ached ye, that it was, and I've some use of me hands still, so that I do a dale wid them, and I can hitch me chair about while I do me chores quite nate and convenient. 'Tis honored I am to have ye come sakin' me—regardin' Tid is it, then? He's a credit to yez, that he is, sir. He couldn't take afther you stronger if he wur your own blood-born.'

It struck coldly home to Mr. Kane's understanding that his task was none the easier for coming here. This little helpless woman, with her useless feet and crippled hands, all gnarled and twisted with rhematism, and her wistful face beaming with tremulous pride, was scarcely a better subject for his retaliation than Tid himself would have been.

Nettled and disconcerted, but unwilling to retreat, he demanded, sharply, 'How did you come by this ridiculous notion of training the boy after me? Wasn't there any better model to be found?'

'Sure, I'd want no betther if I'd a hunder' to choose from,' averred the little woman, stoutly, 'but I'd none other fit to pattern him by but yersilf, that's the truth. You see, it wor this way. There wor me brothers and me cousins in the ould country did be breaking their heads in their fights; and there was Mulligan got so in the way of bating people when he wor on the police that he cudn't lave off the thrick while he lived, and there was you with a good worrud to the fore, and a joke when a poor garrul blundered, and a gintleman's way, whether it was to the high or the low—and it's the way that comes aisy to Tid, now that he has ye before the two eyes of him,' said Tid's mother, proudly, while Mr. Kane groaned in spirit.

How could he make these people understand that their attitude toward him was both unwarranted and unwelcome? Why should he consent to saddle himself with them? It was only his foolish good nature that had got him into this scrape. They had no real claim on him.

'It isn't ivery fine gintleman that I'd pattern him by, that's the truth,' went on Mrs. Mulligan. 'There's thim, if you'd belave it, wud see but the impydince and niver the honor of having a poor b'y thrained afther thim. Like as if Tid wud be walkin' on the creeping things wid no thought for their hurts, that's how some wud be lookin' at the poor people that's to do thim the good turn.'

'Oh, I assure you that I feel the honor of it!' murmured Mr. Kane, ironically; but the struggle to express herself filled the woman's mind, and she went on without noticing the interruption:

'But if he thramped thim all out, he'd be thrampin' on the good frinds of him, and thrampin' out the tinderness as wud make the good man of hissilf, and niver know that he wor more hurt by his hadelessness than thim. That's why I'm thankful to the Lord that I'd the right kind to pattern him by,' concluded the woman, fervently; and no light retort fell from Mr. Kane's lips now.

What if this were so? What if he were crushing the better nature that was struggling in him when he turned from them? What if the loss were his rather than theirs? What if these people were sent to awaken his conscience and show him where he was drifting?

It was a new thought to him that the claim of humanity might work both ways. From this point of view, he might owe something to the Mulligans instead of their owing everything to him. Suppose he turned them out, foreclosed the Taft mortgage, seized the Hope farm, fostered the spirit of greed and selfishness and thrust aside responsibility, as his impulse had been; how would his gain weigh in the balance against—what?

Surely, the opening vista held more than he had considered thus far. It was not only that he would shatter their faith in man's goodness by shattering the idol they had made of him. There was the hardening of his own heart, the turning from his chance to become an uplifting force to the people about him. He was no better and no worse than the majority of careless, thoughtless men; but did he not have it in him to be either better or worse? And which should he choose?

He was still wrestling with that problem when a small shadow fell across the threshold, and Tid stood in the doorway. He brightened at sight of the visitor, and turned to his mother in triumph.

'Didn't I be telling you he would come wan day? She wor cravin' a sight of ye, sir, that she wor, but we wouldn't be askin' a busy man like yersilf to come out of yer way for that.'

'It's for the good of ye that he's come now, Tid. He's said as much.'

'Sure, he's been doin' us the good turn since the day we r'ached him,' said Tid, contentedly. 'Thrust his honor for that.'

Mr. Kane stood up and shook his shoulders as if he were throwing off a load. To crush out trust like this, to refuse the blessedness of such simple faith and gratitude, surely that was not work for Tidmore Kane. Let the name mean as much for him as for Tid.

'Blarney!' he said, lightly. 'I don't want the roof here coming in on your heads and giving you an excuse to sue me for damages. I'll just look around and see what repairs are needed. And, Tid,'—more slowly,—'if you feel ready to come into the office to-morrow, I find that I am ready to have you there.'

'Hooray!' shouted Tid.

When the Tide Came In.

(Winifred A. Iverson, in 'The Christian.')

Black and foul the harbor lay,
  While no waves their way could win;
But it gleamed, transformed and gay,
  When the tide came in.

Motionless the vessels lay
  Locked the harbor-mouth within,
Stranded there, and thus to stay
  Till the tide came in.

All my life disordered lay
  Graceless and begrimed with sin;
Oh! the change, that hour of day
  When God's tide flowed in.

At its ease my small craft lay
  Cramped a narrow space within;
But it pulsed and sped away
  When God's tide flowed in.

. . . .

Yea! the Holy Spirit came,
  His renewings to begin;
Leaving nothing quite the same—
  Thus God's tide flowed in!

Speaking of people who are shareholders in brewing concerns, the Bishop of Hereford says they are living on the dirtiest coppers that pass over the bar of the lowest public-house they own. His old-fashioned idea was that he would not like to live on the profits of any trade or business which he should be ashamed to conduct himself.

OTHER MERCHANTS UTILIZE THEIR SHOW WINDOWS TO ADVERTISE THEIR BUSINESS WHY NOT THE LIQUOR MERCHANT?

—'Ram's Horn.'

One Fearful Night

('The League Journal.')

'We came down earlier than usual to the "shore" that season,' said my friend, 'and took rooms at a cottage, not liking the bustle of a large hotel. We were to occupy the cottage jointly with another family, consisting of a gentleman, his wife and little daughter about six years old. Our landlady was a pleasant Quaker, of middle age, and all the appointments of her home were neat and comfortable. We were first on the ground, and would have the nice little home all to ourselves for two weeks, when our fellow-boarders were to arrive.'

'I hope they are pleasant people,' said my wife, as we sat at the tea table on the evening before the day on which Mrs. Rawlings expected them. 'You said their name was Clare?' turning to our landlady.

'Yes.'

'Who are they?'

'People of standing, I believe,' was the quiet answer.

'Were they ever here before?'

'Mrs. Rawlings said No.'

'I feel a little nervous about our fellow-boarders,' said my wife, when we were alone. 'If they should prove agreeable, we shall have a very cosy time; but, if disagreeable, only annoyance. Two families thrown together as closely as ours will be, need, for comfort to themselves, affinity of taste and temperament.'

'We shall have to make the best of what comes,' I answered. 'No doubt they will prove agreeable enough.'

We were on the porch next day, waiting for the new arrival, when the omnibus from the depot drove up.

Mr. Clare was a man of about thirty-five. He had one of those fine, but marked faces, which once seen you never forget. It was frank, but strong in feature—with a grave, sweet mouth, firmly set, for all its sweetness. His eyes were large and gentle, and just a little sad, I thought, as I looked into them for the first time.

As he lifted his wife from the omnibus—she was small and light—with almost loverlike gentleness, I felt my heart going out towards the man, and drew a deep breath of relief.

'The right kind of people,' said I, as they passed into the cottage, and left me alone with my wife on the porch. 'Did you get a good look at Mrs. Clare? I did not.'

'Yes.'

'Well, what did the look tell you?'

'She's lovely.'

'And Mr. Clare—what do you think of him?'

'He's a splendid-looking man,' answered my wife, with an emphasis on one word in the sentence that left the impression of a doubt in her mind.

'Did you notice his mouth?'

'Yes.'

'It was strong, yet sweet, like a woman's.'

A slight veil of thought dropped down over my wife's face. She did not answer for some moments; then said in a kind of absent way as if she were turning over

some doubt in her mind, 'Yes, the mouth was gentle and firm; but has lines of suffering.'

'You think so?'

'They were very plain to my eyes.'

And now, looking through my wife's eyes, they were plain to me.

We met Mr. and Mrs. Clare at the dinner-table, and found them all we could desire—quiet, refined, and just social enough to make intercourse pleasant. The lady was charming, though you could not call her beautiful. She was petite in figure, with a soft oval face, and brown eyes that were lustrous, yet tender. I noticed, as she sat beside her husband at the table, that she leaned a little towards him. Afterwards, I observed the same attitude, always when they were together, sitting or standing. And she had a way of looking into his face that was peculiar—a sober, loving kind of way—questioning, and sometimes touched with a doubt, or shadowed by some ever-present memory.

Mr. Clare was very gentle towards his wife, and, it was very plain to see, very fond of her. Nay, 'fond' is too weak a word. He loved her with a pure and deep affection.

I had claret on the table, and offered my bottle to our new guests. But they declined with what seemed to me almost cold politeness.

'It is cooling to the blood,' I remarked, as I lifted a glass of the richly-colored wine to my lips.

'It may cool the blood in some veins, but it burns like fire in others,' replied Mr. Clare, after a moment or two of silence.

I said nothing in answer to this, and the subject was dropped. I found Mr. Clare a man of large culture, simple habits, and fine conversational powers. We were much together, and mutually enjoyed each other's society.

A week went pleasantly by. Bathing, walking, and driving on the beach, sitting in the fresh sea-breeze, and watching the surf as if came seething in upon the shore, or gazing out upon the great, immeasurable ocean—so the time passed almost like a dream.

Every day I took my claret, but Mr. Clare drank only water.

'I wish you would try a glass of this wine,' said I, as we sat at the dinner-table one day, about a week after the arrival of our new friends, and I pushed my bottle towards him.

'Thank you,' Mr. Clare answered, gravely and decidedly, 'but I am better without wine.'

'Are you quite sure of that?' I queried. 'Pure wine gives life to the blood. It is the spurious stuff that sets the veins on fire.'

I noticed that Mrs. Clare leaned just a little closer to her husband, and looked sideways up into his face in that peculiar way I have mentioned.

A faint but quickly fading smile rested on Mr. Clare's lips as he replied, 'There may be idiosyncrasies of blood that will not bear even pure wine. I have heard of such.'

'Have you?' I said, a little curiously.

'Yes,' he answered, after a moment's thought; then added—'About a year ago, I saw a curious statement that impressed me strongly. It was made by a physician of some note, and recorded in a medical journal. It was to the effect, ascertained by dissection, that a too free use of stimulating drinks tended to enlarge the blood globules, as well as those of the brain and other organs, so that they stood open-mouthed, as it were, inflamed, athirst always, and eager to drink. The physician to whom I have referred, after clearly ascertaining the existence of this morbid change, had an opportunity to dissect the brain of a man who, after being a drunkard for many years, reformed, and lived soberly until he died. To his astonishment, he found that the unnaturally enlarged globules of the blood and brain had not shrunk to their proper size. Though they did not exhibit the inflammation of the drunkard's brain, they were enlarged, and ready, it seemed, on the instant, to absorb the fumes of alcohol, and resume their old diseased condition.'

A low, half-stifled sigh touched my ears. I glanced into the face of Mrs. Clare, and saw that her eyes had the set look of one who is gazing intently on some mental picture. It was not a cheerful picture on which her soft eyes were fixed; I needed no words to tell me that.

'Curious,' I remarked, as Mr. Clare ceased speaking.

'I was struck,' he resumed, after a pause, 'with the impression made by this discovery on the physician's mind. He thought he saw in this morbid state of the brain the physical part of the reason why a man who had once been a drunkard can never again, as long as he lives, safely take one drop of alcoholic liquor. He thought he saw why a glass of wine put the man back instantly to where he was when he drank all the time. He saw the citadel free from the enemy, but undefended, incapable of defence, and its doors wide open, so that there was no safety, except in keeping the foe at a distance, away beyond the outermost wall.'

I thought I detected a slight shiver in Clare's voice, as, with some warmth of manner, he closed the last sentence.

'I never understood the pathology of this thing before,' said I—'the physical reason why there was safety for the drunkard only in total abstinence. We may have the secret here, but I cannot understand why pure wine should inflame the blood when every globule is in its normal state.'

'There are such things as hereditary conditions,' remarked Mr. Clare. 'Is not a drunkard as likely to transmit the enlarged and thirsty blood and brain globules to his children as a consumptive his tubercular diathesis?'

I was half-startled by the conclusive directness of his query.

'The law of transmission,' he went on, 'acts in no partial way. Whatever we do of habit, whether physical or mental, goes down potentially to our children. It is an estate of which no one can rob them. We bless or curse them in our daily lives.'

There was a shiver in his voice now. My ear felt it almost painfully.

'Were you always so abstemious?' I asked, two or three days afterwards, as my glass of claret brought back the wine question.

'No,' he answered, somewhat gravely. 'In my younger days I drank occasionally; but wine was always too heating for my blood.'

'Perhaps,' said I, 'the article was not always pure. It has long been difficult to get the genuine stuff.'

'It was always pure in my father's house,' he replied.

'Then you are familiar with the best brands,' I remarked.

'Entirely.'

'And know the flavor of good wine.'

'Few knew it better, he answered, quietly.

I lifted the half-emptied glass of claret that stood near my plate, held it to the light, and then sipped a few drops, saying, as I did so, 'I think this is all right. It should be, for it came directly from the importer's, and I paid him his own price under the guaranty of genuineness. I am afraid of all doctored stuff. Do me the favor'—and I poured a claret glass half full—'just to let a few drops fall over your tongue, and give me your opinion of its quality.'

How could he refuse so slight a request? For an instant there was hesitation. I looked at him, and saw a quick change in his face. His wife leaned closer, and laid her hand softly on his arm. Then he took the glass I held towards him, raised it to his mouth, and sipped a few drops of the fruity wine. My eyes were on his face, watching for the connoisseur's look of pleasure. The expression I saw was more than that. It had in it a quick thrill. Removing the glass from his lips, he held it poised for a moment, then, lifting it again, he drained the contents at a single draught.

I shall never forget the sudden pallor and look of despair that struck into Mrs. Clare's face.

'Pure wine, without question,' said Clare, in a low, changed voice, as he kept tasting the flavor on his tongue. 'Pure wine, sir! You are fortunate in getting so good an article.'

I noticed that he turned himself a little away from his wife, still holding the glass in his hand, and reaching it, I thought, a little forward, as if inviting me to fill it.

'Thank you! I am glad to know it,' I returned, my voice betraying the change in my feelings.

Mr. Clare set the glass down quickly, and went on with his dinner, bending low to his plate. The meal was finished in silence and embarrassment. I ventured to look once or twice at Mrs. Clare, who was only pretending to eat. Her face was pale and anxious. The change in her husband's countenance was as marked as the change in hers. All the old sweetness had faded from his lips, that now touched each other in a hard pressure; and the gentleness had gone out of his eyes.

He arose without speaking, and left the table, Mrs. Clare following. Our chamber adjoined theirs, and thither, after leaving the dining room, I went with my wife.

'Did you see Mrs. Clare's face when her husband drank that glass of wine?' she asked, looking at me very soberly.

'Yes, and I would give this moment half I am worth to recall the thoughtless act. But it never for an instant crossed my mind that he was in danger.'

At this moment we heard, through the partition, that separated our chambers, the voice of Mr. Clare pitched to an unusual tone.

'Come, lie down and get your usual nap,' we heard Mrs. Clare say coaxingly.

'I'm going to walk on the beach, I tell you,' was roughly answered. 'I can't sleep.'

'Then I'll walk with you,' was the firm, but kind reply.

'Not if I wish to go alone, madame! And I do!'

We heard no more. Everything was silent in the room for some minutes. Then the door opened, and the sound of heavy feet was on the stairs. A low cry, like a despairing wail, thrilled upon the air. Afterwards all was as still as death in the adjoining chamber.

'You had better go after him,' said my wife, turning on me a pale face.

'It will be of little use, I fear,' was my reply, though, acting on her suggestion, I went out quickly.

I looked up and down the street, as I stepped from the cottage, but Clare was not in sight. At the next corner, going towards the sea, was a drinking-saloon. I went in, but did not find him. Then I hurried down to the beach, thinking he might have gone to walk there as he had said. To my great relief, I saw him sitting alone in one of the rude arbors covered with dead leaves that were scattered along the shore.

'Ah! Good afternoon!' I spoke familiarly. 'Enjoying this delicious breeze?'

He looked up at me with a countenance so altered, that I scarcely recognized a feature; stared scowlingly for a little; then, with a fierce impulse in his voice, flung out the imprecation:—

'Curse you!'

I staggered back as though he had struck me. I was not surprised alone—I was appalled.

'If you had put a pistol to my head, you could not have done me a worse service;' he added, in a voice that was passionate with despair.

I sat down beside him and took his hand, but he flung mine away, glaring at me with hate and loathing.

'Just leave me!' he cried. 'You've done your cursed work. Leave me!'

All my efforts were in vain; and Heaven knows I tried faithfully to soothe him, and so get down into his confidence that I could help him in his fierce struggle with an awakened appetite.

Finding that I would not leave him, he arose, and strode rapidly up the beach, I followed near enough to keep him in sight; but he turned into one of the streets that came down to the beach, and I lost track of him.

Nearly an hour afterwards I found him at the bar of one of the hotels with a glass in his hand, drinking. I went up to him, and was about to speak, when he bent towards me with so evil a light in his eyes, that I felt for the instant afraid. Lifting a warning finger, he said, in a low, passionate voice, 'Keep on your own side, sir! I owe you no good-will—and I'm dangerous!' He stood, bending forward, gazing steadily at me, without changing a muscle of his face, or varying its expression in the smallest degree.

I turned slowly and went away, my heart like lead in my bosom.

Mr. Clare was absent at tea-time, and his wife did not come down from her room. I sat out upon the porch until nearly ten o'clock waiting for his return.

'Isn't that him?' asked my wife, who, troubled as I was, sat on the porch with me.

A man, walking unevenly, came into the light of the nearest lamp, took hold of the post and steadied himself for a moment, and then moved on towards the cottage. Yes, it was Clare. He came forward, planting his steps carefully, stumbled a little as he ascended the porch, but recovered himself, and, without speaking, came in and went up to his chamber, making but little noise on the way.

We soon followed, anxious and heavy-hearted, and sat down in our room, with no thought of retiring. The sounds that came from the next room were not intelligible nor satisfactory. Someone was moving about uneasily, and either putting things right or changing the old order. This went on steadily for perhaps a quarter of an hour without a voice being heard. Then we were startled by a low, quick cry of fear, and knew the voice to be that of Mrs. Clare. A dead silence followed. We listened in painful suspense.

'I've a mind to do it,' we heard Mr. Clare say, and, following the sentence, came the clear click of a pistol-lock.

The next few minutes seemed an age, as we waited for the deadly report, afraid to stir or call, lest our interference should work the fatal catastrophe we sought to avert.

'Shoot if you will!' It was the clear voice of Mrs. Clare. 'I am ready.'

All was hushed as death again, and we sat scarcely breathing, in an agony of dread. What would I not have given to know just how it was in that chamber, so that I might determine whether it were safe to interfere. But the impenetrable wall hid everything, and left us in doubt and irresolution.

Silence—silence for nearly a quarter of an hour! Then the old sounds began again, and the uneasy movements and disturbances went on.

'I'll throw you from the window if you do that again!' There was something savage in the voice of Clare as he said this, in a loud, unguarded voice.

Then we heard a struggle. I could bear it no longer, but ran out into the hall, and tried to enter the room; but the door was fastened. I rattled the lock, and struck the door loudly two or three times.

'What's wanted?' was growled from within. I would never have recognized the voice as that of Mr. Clare.

'Open the door,' I said.

A hand was laid upon the lock inside, and the key began turning in the wards.

'Don't, for Heaven's sake!' I heard in a low cry of terror, from Mrs. Clare.

This was answered by a wicked imprecation, followed by a struggle, a heavy fall upon the floor, and a silence deep as death.

I threw myself against the door; but the lock and hinges were strong, and did not yield. I was about repeating the effort, when I found myself standing face to face with Clare, his eyes wild and fierce, like the eyes of a madman, and his countenance fearfully distorted. He held a pistol in his hand, pointing it directly at my head. He did not speak, but looked the personification of murder. I was paralysed by this apparition, and we stood like two statues for I cannot say how long—a second or a minute—when Clare seemed to vanish like a spectre and the shut door was again between us.

I went back into my own room and sat down, weak and trembling, great beads of sweat rolling from my forehead.

'Hark!' said my wife, and we both listened anxiously. The noise that came from our neighbor's room was like that of a body dragged across the floor, and then lifted on the bed. It was the last sound that reached our ears. For over an hour we sat listening with strained senses. Not the slightest movement was apparent.

'They are asleep,' said my wife, in a husky whisper. It was after midnight.

'The sleep of one of them may have no waking in this world,' was my troubled answer.

My wife shuddered.

'Cost what it will, I must have the secret of that room!' I exclaimed, starting up under the sudden spur of keen self-accusation. 'I am a dastard to sit here and leave a poor weak woman to the mercy of a drunken maniac!'

I would listen to no remonstrance on the part of my wife, but went out quickly. How was I to enter the room? I stood close to the door, canvassing in thought the ways and means of passing the barrier that intervened, when, to my surprise, I saw that it was slightly ajar, not having been fastened by Clare when he shut it in my face. Softly I pushed it open, stepping noiselessly into the room. A lamp still burned on the mantel. The sight that met my eyes, so unlooked for and so touching, I shall never forget.

Mrs. Clare was lying on the bed, her face turned toward the light. She was very pale, her countenance having the marble fixedness of death. But I saw that she was sleeping. Oh! the sadness, the grief, the helpless anguish, that rested on her lips, and moulded the lines about her gentle mouth! I felt the tears creeping into my eyes.

Sitting in a chair beside the bed was Mr. Clare, also asleep. One arm was drawn under and around the neck of his wife, and her white cheek, pressed closely to his face, that was so much in shadow that I could not get its full expression.

I stood only for a moment,—just long enough to comprehend the scene—and then went out noiselessly and shut the door.

On the next morning Mr. and Mrs. Clare met us at the breakfast table. Mrs. Clare had on her travelling dress. Her face was so changed I would scarcely have recognized it. I noticed that she leaned towards her husband, as she sat beside him at the table, in the old way, and closer than before. His face was that of a man who had suffered a terrible humiliation. He neither looked at nor spoke to anyone. But I noticed, as he drank his coffee and ate, or pretended to eat, a piece of toast, that his bearing was firm, like that of a man self-possessed and in earnest.

They went up to the city by the next train. I did not see them when they left the cottage, purposely keeping out of the way.

Once only since then have I crossed their path, though the thought of them long remained a heavy burden on my heart. It was a year afterwards. I met them in the Park, walking together, she leaning on his arm, the sweetness and love I had once seen again resting on her countenance, and the manly strength and gentleness of his face as marked as when I first saw him at the seashore.

They did not observe me, and I passed on, glad to be unobserved, and with a lighter heart, as I said fervently, 'Thank God!'

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Osborne House—Manchester 'Guardian.'
The King—'The Spectator,' London.
The Realization—'Morning Post,' London.
Through Eastern Eyes—'Commercial Advertiser,' New York
Resignation of the Dean of Westminster—'Daily News,' London.
The 'New Theology' in France—By A. L. Lilley in 'The Commonwealth,' London.
The Private Trustee—By F. Harcourt Kitchin, in 'The Pilot,' London.
Christianity and Politics—Lord Shaftesbury—By Dr. Moule, The Bishop of Durham, in 'The Commonwealth,' London.

SOMETHING ABOUT THE ARTS.

On Crossing Stage to Right—By Arthur Symons, in the 'Academy and Literature,' London.
Connoisseurship—New York 'Daily Tribune.'
Tissot—'The Pilot,' Boston.
Mesdag—The New York 'Tribune.'
Twachtman—'Public Opinion,' New York.

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A Ballad of Semmerwater—By William Watson, in 'The Century Magazine.'
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LITTLE FOLKS

The Beautiful Princess.

(By Miss Mary Pope, in 'Ups and Downs.')

'Of course, you all remember the story of the "Sleeping Beauty," so you will see that I have rather copied it; but I have tried to make more than a mere fairy story of it.

'Once upon a time there was a very charming little princess; but the time for fairies had passed, so her father and mother, as they could not ask fairies to the christening to make her presents of beauty, strength, etc., engaged many wise men and clever women to give her, by lessons, all the accomplishments that they thought a princess should have. There was someone to teach her to sing, others to teach her to dance, to ride, to speak different languages, to draw; and as the king and queen wished her to be womanly as well as clever, she was taught to embroider and even to cook. Surely no little girl ever had more advantages than this princess of ours. but one thing had been forgotten, just as one fairy was left out at the christening of the other beautiful princess. There was no one to teach her charity and kindness. Her parents were so generous and kind themselves that they did not dream that any one would need to be taught that such things were right, so, after all her teachers, the princess was somewhat spoilt; everyone did just as she wished.

'Of course, this did not make so very much difference while she was a child, but as she grew older she grew more intolerant, and made life hard for her poor teachers. At last she was old enough to no longer have lessons. Then her father gave a grand ball for her, to which all the kings, queens, princes, princesses, and noblemen for miles and miles away were invited. It was a grand occasion, and the princess enjoyed it very much, for everyone told her how beautiful she was, and she liked that.

'Her fame spread abroad, and suitors came to seek to marry her; but she was very unkind to those who did not please her, while those that did please her she allowed to amuse her for awhile, until she grew tired of them, then she was even more unkind to them than to the others; and people called her "The Cruel Beauty."

'About a year after the grand ball her father and mother were out driving, when the horse ran away and killed them both. There was great sorrow throughout all the land, for the king and queen had been just, wise and kind in their rule and much loved by everyone; but now the people feared that they would not have as many rights as before, and that the "Cruel Beauty" would make them unhappy.

'The princess was very sad at the death of her father and mother, and for quite a while left all the government to her high advisers; but she had not been taught to love anyone, but always to be loved, so she was soon cheerful again and still tormenting her lovers; and then trouble began in the kingdom. She gave so many grand balls and wanted so many rich jewels and gorgeous gowns that soon the money in the treasury became low, and the younger men, whom she had taken for her advisers instead of the wise counsellors who had stood by her father, advised her to tax the people. This she did, and while they were working hard and going cold and hungry to pay the taxes, she was laughing, dancing, feasting and flirting. While her gaiety continued, the people grew poorer and more unhappy every day, and her suitors more despondent and disheartened. Things were at a dreadful pass.

'However, there was to be a change. One day the princess was riding with her courtiers, when, to annoy and worry them, she bade them wait while she whipped up her horse and rode on ahead into the forest. They waited for awhile, but as she did not return they followed her, fearing that she might have lost her path in the forest. For over an hour they rode about looking for her; then they decided that she was lost, and divided into search parties to go all through the forest for her.

'Meanwhile the princess rode on, laughing at the consternation she could imagine her followers would feel when she did not return. As she was gaily riding she paid no attention to the path she was following, until suddenly a man sprang out from a small hut and stopped her horse. She was indignant, and asked him who he was that he dared to stop her so.

'He replied, "I am the man you are going to marry."

'"Indeed you are not!" cried the princess, and tried to lash him with her whip. He was too quick for her, though, and took it from her and tossed it into the bushes. Then he asked her to dismount. She refused, but he declared that she would have to stay with him until he chose to let her go. Subdued and frightened, the proud princess, at last humbled, allowed him to help her from her horse.

'"Now," said he, "I must tell you what I am going to do. You have been very cruel, you have selfishly taxed your people, who have

TAMIL GIRLS.

—'L. M. E. Chronicle.'

been loyal to you, you have made them suffer that you might enjoy yourself. The crops were poor and the people in distress, but instead of helping them, you made them hate you, and wish that it had been you instead of your parents who had been killed. No one loves you for yourself except me. These suitors of yours, if you were plain, would turn from you instantly; but you are beautiful, so they love you for that. Now I know that you are not as bad as the people think, so you shall marry me, and I will help you to rule your kingdom so that the people shall prosper, and love instead of hate you. You shall not leave me until you have promised to marry me."

'At first the princess was very angry and asked who dared to say she should marry him.

'"Who are you in your ragged clothes, that live in a woodsman's hut, that you speak to me so? When my people find me I will have you hung for your impertinence."'

'The man looked at her, and his kind eyes were so sad that the heartless princess at last began to cry. Then he said softly and soothingly, "Poor little princess; you are very silly and very unkind. I am going away for an hour, so you may think."

'The princess had never been alone before, and the forest was so big and black, and she was so lonesome, that she kept on crying until she was tired and fell asleep. Then she had a wonderful dream--a dream that showed her what she was and what she might have been, how her heart was cruel and empty of the pleasure of loving and helping other people.

'When she woke up, the man had come back, and the princess went to him meekly and said;

'"I am sorry I have been so bad, but you have showed me my faults, so you shall come and help me to be good, for I will marry you."

'Then they went back to the castle together, and the next day were married.

'It was not easy for the princess at first, but soon the poor people all through the land were blessing her, for she came to them in their sickness, and taught them how to sew; she sang to them also, and gave them presents.

'One day her husband said to her, "You are really beautiful now. You never were perfectly so before, because your face was too cruel; but now that the love in it has been wakened, you are really a beautiful woman."

'And the princess was satisfied.'

The Bear and the Boy.

(By Cora H. Carver.)

About two hundred years ago a rich and powerful nobleman named Leopold was duke of the province of Lorraine. The duke was very fond of animals.

Among his savage pets was a great bear, whose name was Marco.

Marco was housed in a rough hut in a corner of his royal master's park. He was supplied with the best of food by the keeper of the animals; and on state occasions he was led out by a big iron chain, and made to dance for the amusement of Leopold's friends.

Marco was fierce; and, when he swung his shaggy head out of the door of his hut and showed his white teeth in an ugly snarl, no one dared to go near him. One blow from his paw would have knocked a man senseless, and those white teeth of his were very sharp.

One cold winter night Marco, having swallowed his supper at a few gulps, shambled back into the farthest corner of his hut, and curled himself up to sleep. He was just at the 'falling-off' point, when he heard a sound at the house door. He started up; and what should he see but a small boy, hopping first on one foot and then on the other, and shivering with the cold!

The boy was a homeless child, who had lost his way in the duke's forest, and had run into the bear's hut for shelter.

Marco did not know who this newcomer might be, but he was so surprised that he quite forgot to growl.

Then a strange thing happened, —so strange that, if this were not a true story, I should not ask you to believe it. The boy ran over to Marco, and, peering into the shaggy face, cried joyfully: 'Why, you are the duke's funny bear that I saw dancing the other day! Won't you be my friend? I need one so much!'

The bear Marco did not understand what the boy said, but he understood the kind hand that stroked his head. That hand meant, 'I love you.' Marco had never been loved in all of his rough, bearish life,—at least, not since the days before he had been caught in the deep forest, a frightened baby, screaming for his mother.

Now a great answering love filled his wild heart. He allowed the little lad to lie down beside him, warmed by his furry coat; and together they slept through the night.

In the morning the boy went away, but came back to his friend in the evening. This happened for several days. Marco shared his food with his visitor, and they became fast cronies.

One day the keeper was surprised to see that Marco left his supper untouched; and instead of hurrying away to feed the other animals, he stayed to watch the bear.

Marco sat in the door of his hut, patiently waiting for his boy. The keeper offered to take away the food; but he received such a fierce look that he set it down again, and hid behind a tree to see what would happen next. In a moment, to his amazement, a child ran up to the bear. The keeper sprang forward to snatch him out of harm's way; but the boy had already thrown his arms about his faithful friend, and in a twinkling they finished the waiting supper together.

Duke Leopold was brought to the hut to see this wonderful pair, and soon the story of the boy and the bear had spread throughout the land.

Duke Leopold gave orders that the poor child should be brought to his palace, to be educated and cared for. The little lad made many friends in his beautiful new home, but I think that he never found a dearer one than the bear Marco.—'Little Men and Women.'

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LESSON XII.—SEPTEMBER 21.

The Death of Moses

Deuteronomy xxxiv., 1-12. Memory verses 10-12.

Golden Text.

'The Lord spake unto Moses face to face.'—Exodus xxxiii., 11.

Home Readings.

Monday, Sept. 15.—Deut. xxxii., 44-52.
Tuesday, Sept. 16.—Deut. xxxiii., 1-5, 26-29.
Wednesday, Sept. 17.—Deut. xxxiv. 1-12.
Thursday, Sept. 18.—Deut. iii., 21-29.
Friday, Sept. 19.—Num. xxvii., 12-23
Saturday, Sept. 20.—Num. xiii., 5-18.
Sunday, Sept. 21.—Psalm xc.

Lesson Text.

(1) And Moses went up from the plains of Moab unto the mountain of Nebo, to the top of Pisgah, that is over against Jericho: and the Lord shewed him all the land of Gilead, unto Dan. (2) And all Naphtali, and the land of Ephraim, and Manasseh, and all the land of Judah, unto the utmost sea, (3) And the south, and the plain of the valley of Jericho, the city of palm trees, unto Zoar. (4) And the Lord said unto him, This is the land which I sware unto Abraham, unto Isaac, and unto Jacob, saying, I will give it unto thy seed: I have caused thee to see it with thine eyes, but thou shalt not go over thither. (5) So Moses the servant of the Lord died there in the land of Moab, according to the word of the Lord. And he buried him in a valley in the land of Moab, over against Bethpeor; but no man knoweth of his sepulchre unto this day. (7) And Moses was a hundred and twenty years old when he died: his eye was not dim, nor his natural force abated. (8) And the children of Israel wept for Moses, in the plains of Moab thirty days: so the days of weeping and mourning for Moses were ended. (9) And Joshua the son of Nun was full of the spirit of wisdom; for Moses had laid his hands upon him: and the children of Israel hearkened unto him, and did as the Lord commanded Moses. (10) And there arose not a prophet since in Israel like unto Moses, whom the Lord knew face to face. (11) In all the signs and the wonders which the Lord sent him to do in the land of Egypt, to Pharaoh, and to all his servants, and to all his land. (12) And in all that mighty hand, and in all the great terror which Moses shewed in the sight of all Israel.

Suggestions from Arnold's Commentary.

From the 'Nile to Nebo' is a long way. Not as measured by leagues or years, but by events. In trial, in work, in suffering, and in the achievements of the marvellous man whose experience the history unfolds, and the closing scenes of which the lesson records. From the valley to the mountain summit, this great life had been a continued climb. Commenced in peril, preserved by miracle, and continued amid scenes both tender and tragic, it closes with a blending of sublimity and sadness recorded of no other life in the long list of Scripture worthies. A child of providence, his early and later pathway had been strangely and signally directed. A descendant of slaves, he had become the destined heir to the Egyptian throne. His rash and impetuous spirit had been chastened and subdued by forty years of discipline where magnificence and meekness were blended in his surroundings and the objects of his care. The one made him strong; the other taught his hasty spirit lessons he needed to know. Again, miraculously called to the leadership of God's chosen people, he had nobly fulfilled his mission, and now the long task was done. 'The forty years' march in the wilderness was ended; the camps of the gathered host were pitched for the last time under their great leader's eye. For a whole generation the burden of a great people had been laid upon him; he had carried them in his bosom as a tender father carries an infant child.' He had borne with their murmurings, had averted threatened judgments, and to save his cherished people had risen to the sublimest height of unselfish devotion, and sweeping aside the proffered honor of the fatherhood of a new nation, had begged that his own name might be blotted out if they might not be saved.

An honored death. His work was done. He died not of age or infirmity. Like a 'shock of corn,' fully ripe, but not decayed, 'he was gathered to his fathers.' His great task faithfully fulfilled, the chosen people stood for the second time on the borders of their long-sought inheritance, with only the Jordan's silver stream rolling between them and the promised land. For their great leader reward alone remained. Surprising, imperative, and as sometimes viewed, severe as was the command, 'Get thee up into this mountain . . . and die in the mountain whither thou goest up,' there was a glory befitting the magnificent life which was closing. Away from the unrequired ministries of his people, and beyond the sound of their sorrows, or the unrest of their murmurings, and granted, we cannot doubt, visions which made the glories of Canaan pale, attended by God, he laid down together his burdens and his life. 'God buried him.' We may learn that if life be well lived the event of death will be cared for. Live well, and there need be no anxiety concerning the closing of the journey. Faithfulness in service will bring confidence for the divine consolations at the end. Often it requires more grace to live well than to die. In the end there will come to every man the measure of honor he deserves. It may be long after a misunderstood and persecuted life has closed, but perspective proportions character, as well as objects. The sons of those who killed the prophets will build their tombs, and many a dishonored grave has become a shrine. The early choice of Moses has long been justified.

Moses was God's servant. He chose rather to be a servant of the Lord than to be king of Egypt. He chose to suffer with God's people rather than to enjoy the pleasures of sin. 1. He was an obedient servant. He did always what God commanded, however hard and impossible it appeared. 2. He was a courageous servant; he always told the people the truth, even when they were ready to kill him because of it. 3. He was a humble servant; all the honor God put upon him did not make him proud, for the Bible tells us that 'Moses was very meek, above all the men which were upon the face of the earth.' 4. He was a devoted servant; God's honor and glory were his one desire. He had asked to go over Jordan with the people whom he loved and for whom he had suffered so much, but when told that Joshua was to lead the people into Canaan, without murmuring, and with no envy or jealousy at seeing the leadership pass to another, he gave up his life at God's word. What a glorious example for us!

While the people wept and mourned for Moses, as it was fitting and natural they should, yet they obediently and loyally acknowledged Joshua's authority, as Moses had commanded them. Moses was Israel's greatest prophet in that, (1) God talked with him face to face; (2) he wrought great signs and wonders in Egypt; (3) he led the people with a mighty hand; (4) wrought miracles for them.

C. E. Topic.

Sunday, Sept. 21.—Topic—The fulness of God; how secured. Eph. iii., 14-21.

Junior C. E. Topic.

HOW MISSIONARIES WIN SOULS.

Monday, Sept. 15.—Watching for opportunities. Col. iv., 5.
Tuesday, Sept. 16.—Visiting the sick. Matt. xxv., 36.
Wednesday, Sept. 17.—Preaching the gospel. Luke ix., 2.
Thursday, Sept. 18.—Armed with power. Luke xxiv., 49.
Friday, Sept. 19.—Ready to suffer. 2 Tim. ii., 12.
Saturday, Sept. 20.—Ready for death. Rom. xiv., 8.
Sunday, Sept. 21.—Topic—How missionaries win souls to Christ. Acts xvi., 9-15.

A Vigorous Protest

Against the multiplying of licenses has been uttered by the Bishop of Galway, who says—'This very day I administered the total abstinence pledge to some hundreds of young boys and girls, on the occasion of their receiving the sacrament of confirmation; but I feel that the magistrates are working against me, by multiplying the centres of temptation to pledge-breaking. It is no exaggeration to say that every drink-shop is a hotbed of such temptation. And the more these houses are multiplied, the greater the contagion, just as the more fever or cholera cases are spread over any area, surely the more poisoned becomes the atmosphere all around. But, probably, these magistrates have not fully taken in the moral aspect of the question. If they did, it is hardly possible that men of their class could lend themselves to a course of action so injurious to the national and spiritual welfare of the people. Some of these gentlemen pose as blazing patriots, but a genuine patriot is never found to have a hand in demoralizing his fellow-countrymen.'

A Woman's Brave Act.

The Philadelphia papers recently contained the account of a young lady of Ollentown, who refused to enter the marital state with her lover because he treated her father to a glass of beer.

It seems that the young man went to the court house to secure a marriage license, being accompanied by the father of his intended bride. On the way home, the young man 'set 'em up' to the extent of two beers. The girl saw them come out of the saloon, and when the prospective bridegroom called at the home to escort her to the clergyman's house, she jilted him, in spite of the fact that she had purchased a wedding trousseau.

'I can never marry a man who buys beer for his father-in-law,' she said.

It is not so very frequent that a young lady has the moral courage to take this stand, but when she does, she should be honored for it.

The young woman in question has saved herself a life of drudgery, misery, and ill-treatment at the hands of a drunken fiend; for if a girl's influence is not strong enough to cause her lover to abstain from liquor before their marriage, certainly it will not have sufficient weight to make him refrain when he is her husband, and father of the family.—'The People.'

During the year 1900, says the 'New York Observer,' there were 26,000 arrests of women and girls in New York city, and nearly half of them were for intoxication or conduct resulting therefrom. The growing evil of intemperance among all classes of women may well give cause for alarm. Within a month a beautiful, refined girl, a member of a Harlem church, said to the writer, with tears and sobs, that the appetite for liquors, begun with wines served on her father's table, had gained such a hold on her that she could not control it, and that she had been actually drunk several times the past year.

Correspondence

Cape Sable Island, N.S.

Dear Editor,—Our pastor's name is William Halliday; he has been here about thirty-two years. I have one grandfather and one step-grandmother. I have four brothers and two sisters. My sister has taken the 'Messenger' for nine years, and we all like it very much. My father is a fisherman. I have over a mile to go to school. One brother keeps a store and one goes on the steamer. I have one pet cat; his name is Tom. We have two cows and two calves. We live close to the sea. My birthday is on October 26.

E. E. N. (age 9).

Grand Bank, Nfld.

Dear Editor,—As I have only seen three letters from Grand Bank I thought I would write again. Well, our banking vessels are coming home now with their second trip of fish. We have a large number here—in all, twenty-two. Mr. S. Harris has five, Mr. G. A. Buffett four, Mr. T. Foote four, Mr. J. B. Foote two, Messrs. Patten & Forsey two, Messrs. Bell & Hiscock two, Messrs. S. Tibbo & Son two, Mr. W. Courtney one; that's the one that my papa is in. There are also four large vessels here loading with dry fish. Their names are the 'Rosie,' 'Little Pet,' 'Camelia' and 'Urania.' We are having our holidays now, and I can enjoy myself fine.

HAROLD P.

Grand Bank, Nfld.

Dear Editor,—This is my first letter to the 'Messenger.' I go to school every day. We have four schools here. The teachers' names are: Mr. M. L. Clarke, Miss M. A. Forsey, Miss A. F. Hyde and Miss E. Hickman. We have had our examination, and I passed with a lot of other girls and boys. When the holidays are over I am going in a higher school. We must all try and learn while we can. I would like to see others write to the 'Messenger' from Green Bank.

VIOLET M. B. (age 8).

Plum Coulee, Man.

Dear Editor,—I am a little girl nine years old. My grandpa in Ontario sends me the 'Messenger.' I think it a very nice paper. My mamma used to get the 'Messenger' when she was a little girl. I have two sisters and no brothers; my sisters names are Verna and Cora. My birthday is on May 10. My cousin and I stay at our grandpa's and go to school. I am going in the second reader after the holidays. My teacher's name is Miss Oliver. I think she is a very nice teacher.

CARRIE L. B.

Dashwood, Ont.

Dear Editor,—As I have never written to the 'Messenger,' and have not seen any letters from near Dashwood, I thought I would write now. I wished to write before, but I could not find time until now. We get the 'Northern Messenger' at our Sunday school at Grand Bend. We think the 'Messenger' is a very nice paper. We live one and a half miles from Lake Huron, and we often go there in the summer to bathe at Brewster, a small port near by. Three-quarters of a mile south of Brewster is a summer resort, called Maple Grove. It is a very pretty place. Three-quarters of a mile farther south is Grand Bend, another noted summer resort. It is also built on the bend of the Sable River and thus the village derives its name. Every year our Sabbath school picnic is held there and we have a fine time. Our school is a quarter of a mile away and mother is janitor. We often have concerts at it. Our last one was on May 2. We generally have one on Empire Day, May 23, but we hadn't this time. The girls decorated the school beautifully for the occasion, and a nice programme was furnished. My brother John had a recitation, my sister Charlotte read an essay on birds, and I read one on the history of the school. The children marched around the yard, too. I have not anything particular to tell about any of my ancestors. My grandfather came from Ireland over fifty years ago, when he was a young man, and he helped to chop down the first tree ever felled around Londesboro, where he settled after coming from the Old Country. He went back to visit his native land two or three years ago. He was preparing to visit it again when he died, March 17, 1901. For the last twenty years before his death he had lived in Manitoba. He came from Manitoba the summer before he died to visit us. That was the last time we ever saw him.

OLIVE S. (age 13).

(This is a very interesting and well-written letter.—Ed.)

Keward, Ont.

Dear Editor,—I am a little girl nine years old. I go to school and like it very much. Our teacher's name is Miss McGill. We all like her very much, but we have our holidays now. We have two cats, two dogs, four horses and a little colt and seven cows. We take the 'Messenger' and like it very much. This is my first letter to you.

M. D.

Moncton, N.B.

Dear Editor,—I have often started a letter to you, but have never posted it, as I intended to do this time. Moncton, where I live, is to me one of the prettiest places in Canada, though I haven't seen much of our Dominion. It is situated on the bend of the Petitcodiac River, and when we came here, fourteen years ago, was a very insignificant place called 'the Bend.' We have a number of fine buildings, and strangers in town say that some of our newly-erected stores are as fine as in any of the leading cities of Canada. We have a large cotton mill here, where they even employ children between the ages of eight and fifteen—though, of course, it is nothing to boast of and measures are being taken to put a stop to it. Moncton, as the railway centre, has the railway shops here which give employment to some thousands of men. The Bore, however, is Moncton's particular attraction. I, myself, love to go down to the wharf to see it. It comes in twice a day; the roar can be heard some miles ahead of it and then, coming into sight, it seems like a long fringe of white foam. As it rushes by the noise is deafening, and then, when it has passed, a sudden lull falls over the full tide.

'RED ROSES.'

(This is a well-written letter.—Ed.)

Divide, Ill.

Dear Editor,—I am a little girl, eleven years of age. I do not go to school. I have granulated sore eyes. I have one brother and no sister. My brother's name is Earl; he is thirteen years of age. I have one doll; it's name is Mona. My papa takes a paper that has got little letters in from boys and girls. In the paper that papa takes I have written a letter once, but this is the first letter to the 'Messenger.'

GLENN H.

Central City, Iowa.

Dear Editor,—As I have not seen any letter in the 'Messenger' from the United States I thought I would write. We have been taking the 'Messenger' more than a year and I like it very well. I have four brothers and one sister. I received your 'Bagster Bible' some time ago and was greatly pleased with it. I think it a very nice one for so little work. Thanks for the Bible. I go to school and am in the seventh grade. I am eleven years old.

MAYMIE E. Mc.

Chicago, Ill.

Dear Editor,—Having seen so many interesting letters from girls and boys each week in the 'Messenger,' I determined to write, hoping it may merit enough to be placed beside that of another writer in print. The 'Messenger' is certainly a praise-worthy paper, and mamma says it is very instructive if one has but the mind to follow it, which I earnestly hope is the case. It is said that everyone has a 'hobby,' and, if 'hobby' it must be called, mine is literature. I love good reading of all kinds. The reason for this may be based upon the fact that I am fond of writing, and read in order to get ideas and note the different styles in which the different authors write. I have written a number of short stories and one story in five chapters. My aim is to become an author, and though I fully realize that there are many struggles to undergo in order to gain the victory, I am perfectly willing to endure them in order to obtain the desired end. Not long ago I won a prize in a contest in school, which was offered for the best Thanksgiving story. My story was entitled 'Bernard's First Thanksgiving Dinner.' I am a member of the Humboldt Park M. E. Church and Sunday school and am very much interested in the services. I hope my letter is not too long or tiresome.

WYNONA JUANITA R.

Johnville, Que.

Dear Editor,—I have only taken the 'Messenger' seven months and I like it very much. I live on a farm; I have three sisters and three brothers. I go to Sunday school and to day school. My teacher's name is Miss Bown, but now our school is closed for the summer holidays; I am in the third reader. For pets I have three cats and one dove, and we have had a dog, but it got killed on the C.P.R. track. We have one horse and four cows and three calves, two pigs and a few hens. My father says it's time for me to go to bed, so I shall have to close by wishing you goodnight.

ALFRED M. (age 11).

Chicago, Ill.

Dear Editor,—This is my first letter to the 'Northern Messenger,' and, as I have not seen any letters from Chicago, I thought I would like to see mine in print. I enjoy reading the 'Northern Messenger' very much and especially the correspondence page. There is a Sunday school upstairs above us and we get the 'Northern Messenger' nearly every Sunday. I do not attend the Sunday school, but the superintendent most always leaves some papers for us. I attend the Methodist Episcopal Sunday school on Le Moyne Street near Talman avenue. My teacher's name is Mrs. Enms, and I like her very much. Our pastor is the Rev. James Wheaton. I go to a private school where the sisters teach; they are very kind and good to the children and I like them very much. I am in fourth grade and passed for fifth. My birthday is on May 2 and I am eleven years of age. I have three sisters but no brothers. I hope that the children of the correspondence club will feel as much acquainted with me as I feel with them when I read their letters, and I am sure that everybody likes the 'Northern Messenger.' I know I do and I know a good many people who think it is a splendid paper.

RHEA GERALDINE R.

Cape North, C.B.

Dear Editor,—As I have been taking the 'Messenger' for some time I thought I would write a letter. I like the correspondence very much. My papa sails a little vessel; her name is 'The Maggie Ella.' I have two pets, a cat and a dog; the cat's name is 'Daisy,' and the dog's name is 'Tiny.' My mamma is away on a visit now, but she will soon be back.

DUNCAN R. (age 10).

London, Ont.

Dear Editor,—I have been going to write to you for a long time, but this is the first letter I have written. We have taken the 'Messenger' for about eight years and like it very well. I have two brothers and two sisters besides myself. I have two pets, a cat and dog. I have four dolls. I go to Sunday school every Sunday and like our teacher very much. I also go to day school, but we have our vacation now. I am in the second reader. My sister Bertha passed into the high school this year. I wonder if any other little boy's or girl's birthday is on the same day as mine, August 10.

FLORENCE E. J. (age 7).

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HOUSEHOLD.

The Housekeeper's Allowance

(Mrs. E. R. Esler, in 'Home Messenger.')

There are two or three circumstances which seem to offer persistent difficulties in the marriage relation. The first of these is money. I do not mean income in the abstract, but details of income. It takes a long time to teach the majority of people anything. Old custom permitted a man to solemnly asseverate in church that he endowed his wife with all his worldly goods only that he might go home and refuse her a halfpenny for the poor box. Multitudes of women, as sane and sensible as the average, never have one farthing to call their own, unless they filch it from the housekeeping money, or traffic surreptitiously with the tradespeople, from the day they become Mrs. Somebody until the day their empty hands are folded on their finally satisfied hearts beneath the coffin lid. This is an abomination, an abiding shame to both partners in the union. A wife is absolutely entitled to a share of the household income, whatever it may be, for her personal expenses. She requires to be clothed; it would no longer be seemly to appear in a suit of blue put on with a paint-brush, like her remote ancestresses. She has to buy what befits her station, and she is entitled to pay for it with her own ready money, and to use the balance as she likes. For her labor, to put the matter on the lowest possible ground, she has a human right to some tangible recompense; the extent of that recompense must depend on the domestic income. It may be £4 per annum, or £40 or £400; I have known women present a seemly and contented appearance on a dress allowance of the first sum; I have known women not a whit happier for spending the last amount on their fripperies and fancies.

The money question is a difficul one. Where a girl is unprovided with a dower it is hard for her or her friends to speak of a dress allowance after marriage, and to many men the necessity for such does not occur. Each means his wife to have what she shall require, he to pay the bills; but such an arrangement is based on bad economy as well as absolute injustice. If his employer told him to order what he wanted at the shops, and accept the payment of such bills, always open to investigation and censure, in lieu of salary, he would consider the proposal both absurd and offensive. It is equally humiliating in the case of a wife. The fact that she cannot throw up the place and go elsewhere makes the position all the worse. A husband may often say at the outset, 'How much will you require for yourself?' to which the wife answers shyly and affectionately, 'Oh, nothing,' and is taken at her word. Or, again, she may be given an allowance which is never paid punctually, or which is borrowed back when paid, and never restored. To the fair-minded, both men and women, this may seem incredible; it may be so, but it is true in thousands of cases, and it is very unjust, a cause of unhappiness to many women out of all proportion to the magnitude of the sums involved. Where a woman has money of her own the question of an allowance will never arise. Where she is not so fortunate, she is absolutely entitled to a fair proportion of the family income for her own use, and her right to it should be held as inalienable as if she were the cook or the gas man.

Apple Omelet.—Peel, core, and quarter ten large apples, put them in a stewpan, and let them cook gently to a pulp. Then stir in two ounces of butter and two ounces of brown sugar; set aside until cold, and add a well-beaten egg. Butter a deep pie dish, spread it thickly with bread crumbs, dust over a little powdered cinnamon, and then pour in the mixture. Cover the top with a layer of bread crumbs. Bake for half an hour in a moderate oven, turn out of the dish, and serve.

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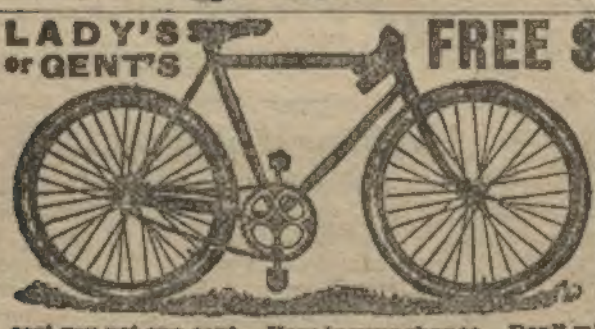

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